

Gc
929.2
As32701a
535110

GENEALOGY COLLECTION

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 01201 3725



Home of Nathaniel Ashby at Nauvoo, Illinois

Erected in the fall of 1843, at the corner of Parley and Hyde Streets, Nauvoo. On December 9, 1841, Nathaniel Ashby paid Erastus Snow \$500 to buy this lot and afterwards sent money to build this red brick duplex home.

Erastus Snow lived in half of the home and the other half was occupied by the Ashby family, who moved here from Salem, Massachusetts, in the fall of 1843.

In the spring of 1846, when the mobs drove the Mormon people out of Nauvoo, this home was sold for merchandise, which in turn was traded for oxen and wagons, used to carry the family to Winter Quarters and later to Utah.

This photograph was taken by Stringam A. Stevens in September 1934, at which time this was one of the best preserved of the original Mormon homes in historic Nauvoo.

Ashby Ancestry

Something of the Origin of the
Name and Family

FAMILY PEDIGREE

Story of
Nathaniel and Susan Hammond Ashby

Autobiography of Benjamin Ashby

Edited and Arranged
by
ROBERT L. ASHBY
American Fork, Utah

Published by
STRINGAM ASHBY STEVENS
Salt Lake City, Utah
February 1941

PREFACE

This pamphlet is the forerunner of a volume which will be entitled "ASHBY GENEALOGY," which will be published as soon as all available information can be gathered. This volume will center around the life of Benjamin Ashby of Salem, Massachusetts, and his son, Nathaniel, who joined the Mormons, left Salem, went West and died on the plains of Iowa.

These ancestors will form the trunk of this genealogical tree. Their posterity will be the limbs, branches, twigs and leaves. Their progenitors will be the root system which supports the trunk and branches. The vitality of the roots flows through the trunk and branches to the leaves and fruit of the present generation.

This pamphlet is an appeal for this Ashby stock to see that their records are complete and in the hands of those in charge in time for publication. Whether you will want a copy of the book or not, you would feel badly to have your record incorrect or not included. We must see to it that every part is as complete as it is possible to make it.

In addition to family group sheets, will you please send in stories of the lives of the recent generations wherever there are things of interest. We want missionary work recorded in all cases. We would like unusual, or faith-promoting events told. Please think of some and write them in. This book is to be the story of this and the past generation, written for our children's children.

In this pamphlet you will read the story of the only two surviving families of the eight sons of great-grandfather Benjamin Ashby. One of these is the family of Richard Gale Ashby in Mexico. In the Ashby Genealogy, these families will all be listed and stories told of their lives, achievements and talents, their patriotism and loyalty, their honor and religious fervor.

At our Ashby-Stringham reunion in October, 1941 in Salt Lake, we expect to have members of this Southern family with us. They will take part on the program. Don't fail to be there. Arrangements have already been made for a larger hall next year.

I want to thank all who have helped to make this pamphlet what it is and would like to give special mention to John F. Ashby, "Aunt Louide Badger," William H. Ashby, Stringam Ashby Stevens, Arthur M. Richardson and many others. Without the help of these folks it would have been a failure.

I want to thank all for the interest and help given in gathering information for the forthcoming genealogy, especially those I call the "key men," who are assuming responsibility for getting in the records of their people.

—Robert L. Ashby, American Fork, Utah.

February 1, 1941.

ASHBY ANCESTRY

Something of the Name, ASHBY, and a brief family pedigree

The name ASHBY was originally a place name. It is compounded from two words: the Saxon, "Aesc"—an ash tree, and the Danish word "by," which signifies dwelling. The name Ashby thus meaning—dwelling near ash trees.

This word "by," as stated above, is Danish, that is, when it is used at the end of a place name. It is significant that this is only found in that part of England which Alfred ceded to the Danes in 878; and accounts for the fact that Ashby as a place name is only found in these eastern counties.

There are seventeen parishes found in this district called Ashby. Some of these parish names are Ashby, Cold Ashby, Meres Ashby, Castle Ashby, Ashby Legers, Canons Ashby, Little Ashby, Ashby Flavon, Ashby de la Zouch, etc. The counties in which they are found are Leicester, Lincoln, Northamptonshire, Norfolk and Suffolk.

There is little doubt but that the name, Ashby, as a place name was used many years before it was ever used as a surname for people. When surnames were being developed, we understand they were developed in many ways; from a description or peculiarity of the person, from his occupation, or some incident of his life, from the place in which he lived, and in numerous other ways.

The surname, Ashby, very likely came from the place from which the man came. If a man from a place called Ashby moved to another village, he was known as William de Ashby, ("de" meaning "of"), or Richard de Ashby. In time, the "de" was left off and the surname was established.

This surname, Ashby, is very prominent in England. I find there are records of Ashby people in most of the counties of England, some twenty, at least.

These Ashby people are not necessarily related. Even men from the same Ashby town in going to other places might each be called Ashby, yet not be related.

This Ashby name has been written in a great variety of ways from the time of Henry II (1154) with its "Essebye" to "Esseby" in 1262; "Asheby" in 1350 and finally in the seventeenth century the present form of Ashby became the usual form.

We are all anxious to know where our ancestors came from and who they were. We are interested in knowing their occupations and the kind of people they were; their religious aspirations and the forces in their lives that impelled them to go where they went and live as they lived and do as they did.

We are sure of one thing regarding where they came from. That is that they were from England—with the blood of that ancient British stock still in their veins, yet revitalized with the Saxon, stirred by the Danish mixture, and made daring and fearless by that Norman stock from France and the Norsemen from the north.

We know they were among the men who, down through the history of England, fought on the side of freedom and liberty. We read of their being among those who established the first free grammar school away back in 1567 and endowed it with the rents of 120 houses and 75 acres of land. This took place at Ashby de la Zouch, England. It shows that they reached out and up for the higher, cultural values of life and wanted all others to share the benefits.

It is inspirational to read in history of these ancestors being among the Landed Gentry, members of Parliament, ministers of the Exchequer, high sheriffs of their counties, philanthropic gentry who endowed and established churches for the uplift of their fellows—land barons who did things on a scale that puts our puny efforts to shame.

Little wonder that when a New World was beckoning to these freedom loving men that the Norsemen blood within compelled some of them to answer the call. America was the goal of every freedom-loving son of men whose highest ambition was to worship God as they chose. And the broad Atlantic was but a challenge to their daring.

Just what the name of our Ashby emigrant ancestor was we are not sure. It could have been Thomas Ashby who was drowned in New Haven harbor in the spring of 1640 who could have been the son of Richard Ashby and Ellinor of Worcestershire. It could have been Thomas, husband of Agnes of London. It might have been Thomas, son of Anthony and Mary Ashby of Chesham Bucks or Thomas, son of Richard and Alice Ashby of Chesham Bucks. A very likely conjecture was that it was Thomas, third son of George and Mary (Gedney) Ashby of Quenby, Leicester, England.

At any event, we know that Anthony Ashby, who appeared in Salem in 1663 and married second, Abigail Hutchinson, a widow with two children, was our progenitor.

Anthony must have been born somewhere around 1630. He is found in Salem in 1663 where he lived at Juniper house on Salem Neck where he was an innkeeper. Anthony could have been the son of Thomas, who was drowned in New Haven harbor. There are some things in his life which in a way point to this origin, but we have no clear evidence. It is possible that he came direct from Worcester, England, the son of Richard and Ellinor Ashby, as a family recorded in the Visitations shows that such could be the case.

However, his first wife is not named in any of the records searched, but his wife, Abigail Hutchinson, is often mentioned.

The story of our ancestors will be given only briefly in this pamphlet. In a later large volume will be given the stories of their lives and their families. The large book will go into these things and give references to show proof of the statements made.

We will commence our story with Anthony and his wife, Abigail (Hutchinson) Ashby. Anthony was a very active and aggressive man, prominent in public life. He was an innkeeper, a juryman on the grand jury, having charge of road work, etc.

There are many interesting things in history about this Anthony Ashby:

How he was owing a debt to Walter Barefoot of Boston and paid the bill in boots and shoes. He was likely a shoemaker.

How he traded seal skins at five shillings each for serge at five pounds. He could have been a trapper or fur trader.

How he bought a house which immediately burned down. He accused the wife of the man of whom he bought it of setting the fire. She was found not guilty and he was sued for slander and had to pay a fine of three shillings.

How he moved to New London, Connecticut and sent his son, Anthony, back to Salem to sell land.

ASHBY FAMILY OF NEW ENGLAND

In the early Essex county records, the name of ASHBY is spelled Asby, Ashbee, Ashbey, Ashbie and Ashbye.

Perley's History tells us that Anthony and Abigail were parents of Benjamin Ashby who married Hannah before 1694. I find her to be Johannah Hill, daughter of Zebulon Hill from Bristol, England and his wife, Elizabeth Dike. It is also most likely that Benjamin Ashby was Anthony's son by his first wife. Benjamin was a shipwright and lived in Salem opposite the cemetery. His will is dated August 13, 1713, and was proved September 14, 1713 and so he died between these two dates. Of his children:

JONATHAN ASHBY, born in Salem September 28, 1694, a shipwright, married Jemima Felt of Salem November 17, 1715. He died January 22, 1729/30. Of his children:

JONATHAN ASHBY, baptized in Salem July 21, 1717, a shipwright, married first Mary Dean of Salem, April 19, 1739. He died in December of 1782. Of his children (by first wife):

JONATHAN ASHBY, born in Salem in 1746, a shipwright, married Lydia Kimball of Salem, December 1, 1768. He died November 15, 1797. Of his children:

BENJAMIN ASHBY, born in Salem, September 6, 1776, married, first, Mary Young, and second, Joanna Glazier. He died September 20, 1841. Of his children by his first wife:

NATHANIEL ASHBY, born in Salem, April 15, 1805 (The year Joseph Smith was born), married Susan Hammond.

NATHANIEL AND SUSAN HAMMOND ASHBY

Sketch of Their Lives

Nathaniel and Susan were both descendants of the early English settlers of the United States.

He was born April 15, 1805, in Salem, Essex County, Massachusetts. He was the son of Benjamin and Mary (Young) Ashby. Mary Young being a descendant of Governor Bradford of Rhode Island, a passenger of the Mayflower.

Susan Hammond's parents were Edward and Rebecca (Flack) Hammond. She was born at Marblehead, Massachusetts, August 28, 1808.

In early life Nathaniel was apprenticed to the shoe-making trade and became most expert in the making of fine shoes. He was employed for thirteen years by the firm of Danford and Simonds. His efficiency was shown in a contest of skilled workmen in which he was one of the competitors. In the thirteen years he was contesting, he finished 13,000 pairs of shoes, winning the contest by one pair of shoes.

By their industry and frugality this couple acquired a good home and comfortable surroundings with additional houses which they rented.

Susan did her cooking in a large Dutch oven built of brick and her basement was fitted up with stationary tubs and every convenience obtainable in that early day. Saturday evening her oven would be filled with food for Sunday's needs; consisting, no doubt, of brown bread, ginger bread, baked beans, Rye Indian pudding, etc. No meals were prepared by her on the Sabbath day.

In 1841, Elder Erastus Snow and others brought to this family the true gospel message which they gladly accepted and the parents and two elder children were baptized the same year.

While in Salem, Elder Snow, his wife, Artemesia, and one child occupied one of the houses belonging to the Ashby family for two years, free of rent.

On December 9, 1841, Nathaniel paid Erastus Snow \$500 for a lot in Nauvoo on the corner of Parley and Hyde Streets and also sent money to have a home built. He generously donated more money to help with the Temple.

With the \$500 obtained for the lot and the other money Nathaniel gave him to erect a home, Erastus Snow built a duplex house half for himself and half for the Ashby's.

In the fall of 1843, Nathaniel sold his shoe business to his brother, John Jefford Ashby, and set out for Nauvoo where he lived in their new home.

In 1844, Nathaniel was sent as a delegate to the East, advocating and supporting the claims of the Prophet Joseph Smith as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

The Ashby home in Nauvoo was only a few blocks from the Mansion House, the home of the Prophet. He was often admired by members of the Ashby family as he rode by on his beautiful black horse, attired in a tall beaver hat and circular cape, sitting so erect and looking so gentle and refined. He sometimes called at the Ashby home, which they considered a great honor.

They had been in Nauvoo less than a year when the Martyrdom occurred; plunging the Saints into the deepest sorrow and mourning. All night Grandmother Ashby sat by her bedroom window filled with terror for the safety of the people now that the leaders were gone. The dismal howling of the dogs, the uncertainty and fear, made the night most memorable. She took her children to view the bodies as they lay in state before burial. A sad sight never forgotten.

When contributions were asked for furnishing the Nauvoo Temple, she shared her belongings, giving a large mirror, a dresser, two beautiful home-made rugs and a dark brown Brussels carpet. No call was left unheeded by her or her family. The family lived in Nauvoo only three years when the Saints were driven out. They sold their home for a fraction of its value and purchased wagons, oxen and cows for their journey. The night they crossed the river, they saw, on looking back, their beautiful temple in flames and heard the roar and boom of cannons.

The father, not used to exposure and outdoor work, soon failed in health. He gave Brother John Hill one wagon and two yoke of oxen if he would assist him with his work. Nathaniel found work wherever he could until fall and died on the plains near Bonaparte, Iowa, in September, 1846, a martyr to the cause of truth. A few rough boards were nailed together for a casket and he was buried on the plains. A faithful Latter-day Saint and a kind and loving father remained behind as the company moved on.

This was a great trial to his wife and eleven fatherless children, and it took courage and faith to bear this great bereavement. The mother, however, arranged for her children to be provided for as best she could. One daughter was taken into the family of Lorenzo Young, one with Brother Joseph B. Noble and still another traveled with the family of Brigham Young. One son drove a team for a Brother Haven. One daughter had married Erastus Snow, and still she had six children with her to look after and care for their needs. Her eldest son drove a team and acted as father to the younger children.

Arriving in Salt Lake valley after the long, trying journey, September 20, 1848, she lived in a vacated room in the old fort, provided by Brother Noble, whom she had previously married at Winter Quarters.

In 1849 she became the mother of her thirteenth child, a beautiful baby girl. Taking care of Mr. Noble's three motherless children, together with her own seven who were at home, proved too much for her strength. She died May 15, 1851, leaving twelve motherless children, including her sixteen-month-old baby who was taken care of by her daughter, Harriet.

Susan Hammond Ashby was a woman of great faith, spending much time among the sick, where she was very capable. Being always cheerful and optimistic, she scattered happiness along her path. When she died, Elder Snow said of her, "I wish there were more women like Sister Ashby. Her undoubting faith in the Lord, her integrity and patience in the face of poverty and death, sets forth a standard that urges us forward, though we may never be able to attain that standard."

During June of the year 1919, William H. Ashby hunted up the grave of his mother, Susan Hammond Ashby, and with the aid of others, placed a marker to the memory of both her and her husband. The marker may be seen in the Salt Lake City cemetery. It is dark granite stone about three feet high and about twenty inches wide, unpolished except on the east side where the inscription reads:

ASHBY

In Memory of
Nathaniel Ashby
1805 · 1846

Died near Bonaparte, Iowa

Susan Hammond

His Wife
1808 · 1851
Pioneer

To go to the monument, drive north on N Street to the corner of the City Cemetery at Fourth Avenue. Drive in at the corner drive-way and turn north with Main Street. Stop where Grand Avenue crosses Main. Walk from this corner about 45 degrees Northeast (a little more east than north) about half way across the plot to the next street north. The dark granite stone stands close by the side of a taller red sandstone monument and just ahead of and close to a larger granite stone of Mr. Noble's. Follow these directions and you will walk directly to it.

I feel this account would hardly be complete without saying a few words regarding the ancestors of Grandmother Susan Hammond. The records are complete, showing endowments performed for fourteen generations back of grandmother. These ancestors were such men as God wrought upon to bring their lives into condition for the restored gospel. We find in them those principles of religion which could not tolerate the injustices and dogmas of any corrupt religion. They were constantly striving for liberty, freedom, right and justice. They were seamen—hardy, rugged sailors and shipbuilders.

* * * *

This brings us down to Uncle Ben's record as told herein. Now, you who read this can, I trust, put your father, grandfather, mother or grandmother in place of Uncle Ben and complete your pedigree.

This line of ancestors from Benjamin to Benjamin, inclusive, were shipbuilders and seafaring men, taking part in all the conflicts on the side of freedom and religious liberty. Men who fought in the war for independence; men who fought in the war of 1812; men who fought in the war of the rebellion. Nearly always as ship officers and sailors, but always for liberty.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENJAMIN ASHBY

Introduction

“Desiring to leave to my posterity some account of the kind dealings of the Lord, and of the remarkable manifestations of His power in healing the sick; and His kind providence in answer to prayer which has been experienced and observed by me during a life which has been extended nearly three-fourths of a century, I undertake to pen these lines from memory.

Birth

"I was born on the 19th of December, 1828, in the town of Salem, Essex County, Massachusetts, United States of America. My father's name was Nathaniel Ashby. He was a descendant from an ancestry who settled in America among the earliest emigrants, the names of whom as far as I have been able to collect, are recorded at the end of these memoirs.

"My mother's name was Susan Hammond. She was born in the town of Marblehead, Essex County, Massachusetts. She was a descendant of the early sturdy settlers of Maine.

Early Recollections

"My father was a shoemaker by trade. His early life was a struggle with poverty. His father was a seafaring man. In the War of 1812, he sailed on the privateer, 'The Little Adams.' Of course, the privation incident to those times was felt severely by those who were dependent on their labor alone for subsistence. At an early age he was apprenticed to learn the shoemaker's trade and became a very quick workman. He worked thirteen years for one Danford & Simonds, for whom he made thirteen thousand pairs of shoes.

"By father's industry and economy, he saved money and built a house in South Salem, where I was born and lived until I was fourteen years old. My earliest recollections go back to the time when I received my first pair of pants. How I cried because mother took them off me to lend to a neighbor to make some for her boy!

Prayers Answered

"The first instance that I remember when I received a direct answer to prayer was upon an occasion when I had quarreled with my sister. Whether from being punished or from sorrow, I went to bed with my heart filled with grief and trouble, and lay sobbing, unable to control myself. I got up and kneeled by my bedside and asked the Lord to let me go to sleep. Immediately, a spirit of calmness and quietude entered my heart and I went right to sleep.

"I had been taught the Lord's Prayer and other children's prayers at my mother's side, but this is the first time I realized what it meant to pray. The remembrance of it has given me confidence and faith in after life.

Indians

"One day I was down by the river and there came paddling up the stream a number of Indians in birch-bark canoes. The men all climbed the piles of lumber. I thought to get out of the way, so I ran home much frightened. I was surprised that mother was not alarmed also. My impression was that Indians were very dangerous visitors. This was probably a remnant of the terror that a former generation had transmitted to their children. They were a band of Penobscot tribe Indians from the state of Maine, on a visit to their old hunting grounds. I have seen them several times since on their periodical visits.

Schooling

"The first school I attended was called the Infant School, kept by Miss Thayer. Afterward, I went to another kept by Miss Meservey.

While attending here I arrived at the age of seven. Later I attended another, whose teacher was Miss Kinney. Then I went to the public school under Mr. William Leavett, where I continued until I was fourteen years of age.

Early Religion

“In the year 1839 or 1840, there came to Salem, Erastus Snow, preaching the gospel in its purity as revealed to Joseph Smith. My father was not a member of any denomination, but attended the Universalist Church, of which my mother was a member. I have often heard her say they preached the love of God for His children in contrast to the doctrine of the orthodox churches that held to the everlasting punishment of all who did not embrace their peculiar dogmas.

Latter-day Saint Gospel

“Father returned home one Sunday noon saying he had been to hear a new religion preached by a Mormon in the Masonic Hall. He seemed much interested in what he had heard preached. He took down the Bible and began to read some of its passages to mother, who was confined to her bed by the birth of my sister, Mary Jane. I attended the meeting in the afternoon with my father, and continued to do so with the agreement that I was not to miss my Sunday School. It was against mother’s principles to allow her children to go from one meeting to another; but inasmuch as father went, she could not reasonably object.

Conversion

“My mind soon became enlightened upon the plan of salvation. I firmly believed in the divinity and sacred character of the Book of Mormon, which I read, a copy of which had been loaned to father by Brother Snow.

Testimony

“One Sunday in Sunday school there were some questions in the book from which we studied, concerning the ancient prophets. There were scriptural texts and answers and some questions that were to be answered by the pupil. One of these which happened to come to me was: ‘Are there any prophets in these days?’ To the teacher’s surprise, I answered, ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘False prophets, I suppose you mean?’ he asked.

“‘No, sir. True ones,’ was my answer.

“‘Who, pray?’ was his query.

“‘Joseph Smith,’ was my answer.

“He made some reply and passed on to the next.

“I heard no more of it until about two weeks after, when mother called me to her and asked me what I had been saying to my teacher about Joseph Smith. I told her what had occurred. I learned that this testimony had been talked of from the minister down through all that congregation. I was about twelve years old and this was the first time I had the privilege of bearing testimony of the work of God in the latter days.

Join the Church

“Mother, as soon as she could go out, attended the meetings in the Masonic Hall and became converted to the truths of the Gospel.

“One Sunday morning father gave me some money and told me to go pay the sexton and give up his pew. Shortly after, he and mother were baptized into the Church; and though they had been excellent characters all their days, they were now called crazy and derided by relatives and friends.

“We all continued to attend meetings of the Saints, and a large branch was organized.

Baptism and Healing

“In December, 1841, I was taken sick. Mother sent for Brother Snow. He came and laid hands upon me. As there was to be baptism the next day, I embraced the opportunity to be baptized. That night there was a great storm. The streets were ankle-deep with snow and water. I had been sick all night. I had to lean on the arm of Brother Nickerson while going to the pond; but I was baptized and was healed of my sickness. It cleared up and froze and in the evening I went two miles to a prayer meeting, where I was confirmed by Brother Snow. And while their hands were on my head, Brother Nickerson said, ‘Brother Benjamin, upon you we confer the gift of healing and of being healed.’ My experience through life will testify as to the fulfillment of this blessing given by a servant of God at my confirmation.

Graduation

“At an examination of the upper class of the schools of Salem and from the record kept, I received a certificate of my standing. This gave me second rank in scholarship and first rank for good conduct. I then left school and went to work with father, shoemaking.

Contribution

“I remember one day Brother (Addison) Pratt, who was in Salem with Brothers Goward and Hanks on their way to the South Sea Islands, called upon Father and told him he thought father was able to help them to the extent of twenty-five dollars. Father cheerfully responded and went for the money. While he was gone, I contributed the small amount of twenty-five cents—all the money I possessed. I think that I never spent another quarter of a dollar that gave me as much satisfaction as that did.

Nauvoo Home

“In the meantime, Brother Snow, who had been living in one of father’s houses, returned to Nauvoo, where he contracted for a house to be built. Upon his return to Salem, he sold father the lot adjoining his and sent out and had the contract doubled. Hence, two houses alike were built, separated only by a partition wall. It was a two-story brick house, situated near the corner of Parley and Hyde Streets; two blocks north and one east of Joseph Smith’s Mansion House.”

[Editorial Note: This double brick house still stands in Nauvoo to this day, 1941—nearly one hundred years ago. It is well built and very substantial in construction and is outstanding in many respects. Its picture is seen on the fly leaf of this pamphlet.]

Salem to Nauvoo

"There were eleven children born to my parents in Salem. Robert, the first, died in infancy. The rest all lived to reach the Valleys of the Mountains and assist in the establishment of the commonwealth of Utah.

"We left Salem the 14th of October, 1843, going to Boston, where we stopped a few days with mother's sister, Elizabeth Stewart.

"With a large company from neighboring towns, we now took passage by railroad for Albany, New York, stopping one night at Worcester. From Albany we traveled by Erie Canal to Buffalo. There was no railroad at this time across the State of New York. From Buffalo, we went by steamboat to Cleveland, Ohio, on Lake Erie. Here we went by canals across the State of Ohio to Wheeling, near the headwaters of the Ohio river, thence by steamboat down the Ohio to Cincinnati, where we changed boats. Now we continued down the Ohio river to where it enters the Mississippi and then went up the Mississippi to Nauvoo. Here we arrived the 3rd of November, 1843.

"My father and Brother John Gray rented a room in a stone house near the landing for a few days. Then we moved into a log house belonging to Joseph B. Noble, where we lived until our house was finished. We moved into our new house about the last of January, 1844.

Traveling By Canal

"While on our journey it was customary to get off the canal boat and walk on in advance. The boat traveled only as fast as a horse could walk, and when there were a number of locks to pass, they rendered the pace still slower. A lock is an enclosure where water is confined by gates, making the boats raise or lower from one level to another. When passing locks, we were able to gain considerable distance on the boat. The country through which we journeyed abounded in the finest of fruits, and the people allowed us to gather as much as we desired. One day while endeavoring to step onto the boat, I missed my footing and fell into the water, but was soon rescued by a young man.

Incidents at Salem

"Some of the accidents in which my life was in jeopardy occurred while living in Salem. In the winter the harbor is usually frozen over for miles out from shore. One day while playing on the ice, the wind began to blow furiously. I could not stand or walk on the slippery ice and it was with great difficulty that I was enabled to reach the shore, even with the help of a young man.

"Another time I was out on the ice with a companion when we both broke through but were rescued by men who were spearing for eels.

Acquaintance With Joseph Smith, the Prophet

"While in Nauvoo, we lived so near to Joseph Smith that I was enabled to see him in his daily life as well as in his public administrations.

"His life was in danger and much of his time was spent in seclusion, avoiding his enemies. Like all boys I played in the streets. He once spoke to me, giving me an invitation to make less noise. It was in front of his house. He was sitting out on the porch talking to some gentleman. I presume I disturbed them.

“One day my mother and I visited his house. He was not in, but we spent an interesting time with his mother. She exhibited to us the mummies and the papyrus from which the Book of Abraham was translated. We were not privileged to enjoy his society and instruction but a few months.

“I was present when he made his famous speech from the frame of a building in front of his house, where he drew his sword with a declaration never to submit to mobs; but to uphold law and order and liberty of conscience as long as God would give him life.

The Prophet's Last Days

“I was in my father's garden one morning, that memorable June, 1844, when Joseph Smith rode past on his way to Carthage. Never shall I forget the look of deep sorrow that covered his noble countenance. That was the last time I saw him alive. He was met on the way by an officer and posse with an order from the governor for the return of all state arms. He turned back to see the order complied with. On getting into town he called Brother J. B. Noble to accompany him, and with his brother, Hyrum, they turned off the road, leaving the company and taking a short cut across the hills. When alone, he asked Hyrum what the Spirit indicated to him. Hyrum replied that he could get no satisfactory answer. Joseph said, ‘Well, if they kill me I shall die innocent and my blood will be required of this nation.’ This is as near as I remember the testimony of Brother Noble shortly before he died.

“In the afternoon, Joseph went to Carthage and to his martyrdom.

Martyrdom - June 27, 1844

“I sat upon the steps of my father's house on the evening of the day of the martyrdom until twelve o'clock and never before did I hear such an uproar and noises that seemed to pervade the very atmosphere—dogs howling mingled with indescribable sounds, as though all the legions of the damned were in commotion.

“Not dreaming of the tragedy that had been enacted that afternoon, I went to bed. At dawn the sad tale was brought to our ears. The grief and sorrow of the people cannot be pictured. For days, a man, woman, or child could not be found who was not in tears at the loss of their beloved leaders.

“Soon the wagon containing the two brothers arrived in the city and passed down to the Mansion House where we visited and viewed their marred features as they lay in the habiliment of the grave.

Rigdon's Plea

“Brother Willard Richards was the only one of the twelve apostles who was in Nauvoo. John Taylor, being wounded, remained in Carthage. Soon others began to return. Sidney Rigdon endeavored to have himself elected as guardian of the Church. I was present when he made his silly and boastful speech about leading the Church back to Pittsburg and twirling the nose of Queen Victoria, etc.—too foolish to be worth remembering.

"I did not know Rigdon when he was in the spirit of his calling and cannot say what manner of man he was. But when I knew him he had lost the favor of God and he was as dry as sticks in his preaching.

Brigham Young's Transfiguration

"I was in the congregation when the question of the succession to the leadership of the Church was before the people and I solemnly assert and testify that the last time I saw the features, the gestures and heard the sound of the voice of Joseph Smith was when the form, voice, and countenance of Brigham Young was transfigured before the congregation so that he appeared like Joseph Smith in every particular. Thus, the Lord showed the people that the mantle of Joseph had been bestowed on Brigham.

Events in Nauvoo

"During this time, father was absent on a mission to the Eastern States, as were also many elders. I had done some shoemaking and had peddled shoes that father brought from Salem when he emigrated. Father returned late in the fall and was laid up most of the winter with rheumatism.

"About this time, Benjamin Gray and I commenced to get material together with which to build a boat. We expected to sail on the Mississippi River. This project was abandoned when we were informed by mother that at a private meeting she had learned that the Saints were soon to leave Nauvoo for the West.

"The summer of 1845 was spent working with father, making shoes for Brother Boyanton, Amos Davis, and the Cooperative Shoe and Harness Co. Brother Mulliner was manager of the last-named company.

"In February, 1845" [This date is more likely 1844] "father was ordained and became a member of the 16th Quorum of Seventies. I was ordained January 12, 1845, and became a member of the 19th quorum.

"A call was made for laborers to dig a trench around the Temple Block to build a stone wall. I worked there in company with George Q. Cannon. I also worked on the Nauvoo House tending mason with brick. I joined the Artillery Company in the Nauvoo Legion. Soon the people began to leave Nauvoo. I had, on the 6th of February, 1846, received my endowments in the Nauvoo Temple.

"The river was frozen over and the people crossed on the ice. At this time we had living with us some of the wives of Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, and Bishop Hunter. Their names were Mrs. Powers, Harriett Cook, Susanna Wasm and Ruth Jane Giles.

Anxious to Go

"As spring neared to summer, I became very much concerned about following the company who had departed on their journey into the wilds of the 'Great American Desert,' as it was styled on the maps of the period of which I am writing. I began to call upon God to open the way that father might dispose of his property; that we might have means to travel.

House Traded—Equipment Obtained

"There was a committee appointed to dispose of property left by those who had already departed. Father put his house into their hands

to find a customer. They found a merchant who offered four hundred dollars in goods at wholesale prices. The committee exchanged the goods for cattle and wagons.

"I had, during the spring, obtained the woodworks of a wagon and got a blacksmith to iron it off. I had built a wagon box for it. The expenses father had paid for in shoemaking. We were obliged to wait some weeks for the cattle. When they came, father and I went over the river to select, but as we had no experience with horned stock, Brother Phineas Young assisted us in the selection.

"We obtained six yoke of oxen, only two of which were broken to work. We drove our cattle to the camp on Sugar Creek and I was left to herd them. I lived with Mrs. Clark, the mother-in-law of Brigham Young, son of Phineas.

Equipment

"Father returned to Nauvoo. He fitted up two more wagons and obtained two cows, making three in all. He now had three wagons, six yoke of oxen and three cows. All these for the property which had cost him eleven hundred dollars three years previous. He was among the favored ones, as many could not dispose of their property at all. It had to be left just as it stood—a community of people robbed of their homes to become wanderers upon the wild western deserts of America.

"The frontiers of civilization were infested with a great many outlaws. It sometimes occurred that some of our oxen would be missing and found miles away from their range.

Prayer Answered

"One morning I started out to seek a yoke of oxen that had strayed during the night. I asked the Lord for help and was directed to walk directly to them, although I had to go over two miles, through timber, swamp and water to get there. You may be sure I did not forget to thank my Father for listening to the prayers of His humble servant.

"I may not remember all the incidents that made the summer remarkable in my life; but time and again, the providential care helped me to preserve our cattle, the loss of which would have been so disastrous. On one occasion, one of our brethren came across a yoke of them about eight or ten miles away from our camp. There was no reason why the oxen should stray away from the herd, as the feed was plentiful around camp.

Drouth—Healed by Faith

"As the summer advanced, the water in the creek dried up until there were only pools of stagnant water in the low places. From these pools, we obtained our water for use.

"About the last of July I was taken sick and lay for weeks struggling for life against the poisonous malaria, with which my system was impregnated. Father and family moved over the river and gave me all the care possible under the circumstances. The absurd impressions made upon my mind in the delirium of the fever seemed as true as anything in real life. One night as I lay struggling with the sickness, I felt that I was fast approaching the line dividing this life from the next sphere of existence. The desire to live came strong upon me. I began calling on

God in mighty prayer and endeavoring to exercise faith that I might be healed. About midnight, a change came over me and I knew that my prayer had been answered. From that time I began to recover.

Training Oxen

“Father was not acquainted with the management of cattle, and Brother Young recommended Brother John Hill to him as help. He was a Canadian and had left Nauvoo and camped on the bank of the river. He was without team or wagon. He came up to our camp and engaged to handle our oxen for the use of a wagon and team to move to camp with. He commenced to train our oxen and in a short time, was able to use them.

“One day a man came to camp looking for men to work on a thresh-er. Brother Hill and father engaged with him and worked three days. Father took sick. It became necessary to move to a more healthful location.

Westward

“On the day of the Nauvoo battle, we took up the line of march for the distant camp on the Missouri River. I drove the lead team. Sister Hill drove mother’s team with father lying sick in the wagon. Brother Hill brought up the rear. At night we could hear the sound of the bell and bass drum from the tower of the Temple. The mob was carousing. They had banished from their pleasant homes, innocent men, women and children to perish in the wilderness among tribes of savage Indians.

Father’s Death

“On the third day we arrived at the town of Bonaparte. Here there was a large flour mill and by trading some cloth we laid in some flour. We proceeded on six miles west. In the morning one yoke of our oxen was gone. We camped here a week. Here father yielded up his life, a martyr to the cause of truth and the Gospel as revealed in the last days.

“Mother had a few dollars, and I went back to a sawmill and purchased some oak boards—sufficient to make him a coffin. It was made by Brother Hill and Father Taylor, father of John Taylor, later president of the Church. We buried him in a grave by the side of a little child of Brother and Sister Parmers.

On Our Way

“Next day Brother Hill found the oxen five or six miles away. We were troubled for many nights by our cattle getting loose, though they were chained to trees.

“Soon we fell in company with Brother Hill’s father and mother and his brother, Archibald, also another man who had been over the route and knew the best camping places. We traveled in their company until we reached within a day’s journey of Kanesville. Here the axle of Brother Hill’s wagon broke and we stopped and made another. This detained us a day.

Father Guides Us

“When we came in sight of the Missouri River, there were many roads leading off in different directions. Not knowing which to take, we stopped to consult. I looked up and saw a man walking up one of the

roads. I ran to ask the man about the roads. He was a short man like my father, and indeed he was dressed in a green jacket like father wore in Nauvoo. The last I saw of him he was apparently going down a depression which looked like it had been made by a run of water across the road. Mother called to me, "Where are you going, Ben?" I turned and answered her. Then, as I looked again, the man had disappeared. I ran on for quite a distance, thinking he had gone down the hill. I went a considerable distance farther than where he stood when I saw him last. The road was as level as a floor with no depressions. I went back with the impression that he had got out of sight up the road. Though he looked like father, it did not occur to me that father was watching over us. Mother, however, became very serious with the incident.

"We took the road the man was on and arrived in Kanesville about four o'clock.

Mother Burned

"In a few days we crossed the river and camped near Lorenzo Young. His brothers, Joseph and Brigham, were camped near by. That night, through an oversight, mother left her candle burning and fell asleep, caused through fatigue and care, incident to the journey. The candle set the cover of the wagon on fire. In her struggle to put it out, her hands were badly burned, as was also Joseph Young who was just returning from a council meeting.

At Winter Quarters

"We paid a yoke of oxen to have a log house built and sent the others to the winter herd on the rush bottoms. We soon consumed what flour we had brought with us. Among the articles paid to us for our house in Nauvoo was a quantity of smoked ham. I went to work at shoemaking for a brother, for which I received corn meal. Sometimes the last cake was consumed before we knew where the next was coming from. The Lord opened the way, however, and we never went very hungry.

"We were fortunate enough to have brought with us a sheet iron stove, by which we were able to keep warm during that cold winter.

"There had been born to father in Nauvoo a boy whom they named John Jefford.

Mother Marries

"During the winter, mother married Joseph B. Noble. Noble took care of the one yoke of oxen we had kept home. Towards spring, the company of pioneers were organized and started to find a place to plant our feet and we commenced to live in more comfort. I went with Brother Noble and drove a team of three yoke of oxen down to Missouri to obtain provisions for the journey. He was going to follow the pioneers.

The Man in the Road

"An incident that happened on this journey I will relate, as it shows how God can bring deliverance through the weakest of us:

"After we had obtained our loading and were returning, we left the town of Savanna about one o'clock in the afternoon. There were three wagons. First, John Little, then J. B. Noble with two yoke of oxen,

then I brought up the rear with three yoke. About a mile from town we were overtaken by two men riding fine horses and carrying decanters of whiskey in their hands. They commenced their game by insulting Brother Noble. He took no notice of them, but drove along. One began to ride out to his oxen and to drive them off the road. I had a long whip and stepped close enough to strike his horse with the lash. He tried this a number of times, but being foiled in his object, he got off his horse and planted himself in the road and succeeded in stopping the team. At this juncture, there came a power upon me as if from the Almighty. I was impelled to go to that man; and, drawing the butt of my whip, I commanded him to move out of the way or I would mash him into the earth. He looked into my eyes and commenced to tremble and move backward until the road was again free and Brother Noble drove on. Thus the Lord made use of a boy to deliver His servant from the power of enemies. I learned by experience how 'one could chase a thousand' and 'two put ten thousand to flight.'

"After the companies had left for Utah, I joined with Brother Abraham Washburn in fencing, breaking up, and planting some land. We planted considerable corn and buckwheat, also garden, and raised turnips, cucumbers, beans, etc.

Harvesting at Winter Quarters

"I remember when the first fruits of our labors began to be gathered. We had been over a year without green vegetables or fresh fruit. As I remember it, the first cucumbers that came to be eatable were the nicest things I ever tasted. In the fall we had sufficient to keep us through the winter. Especially buckwheat and turnips.

"I gathered a quantity of hazel nuts which grew in abundance around Winter Quarters.

"My brothers herded cows through the summer and thus added to our comfort. Brother Washburn cut considerable hay for the winter.

"As winter came on, we began to lay plans to get fitted out to go to the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, from which many pioneers had returned. Brother Washburn being a shoemaker, we concluded to go down to Fort Kearny and mend shoes for the soldiers. Leaving our families, we took our march early in the winter. With us went my brother, Nathaniel, Sisters Clarinda Gleeson and Mary Velyer. Upon reaching the Fort, which was situated on the west of the Missouri River, we built a log house and went to work. Work was plentiful and provisions were cheap and abundant. During the winter I went down into Missouri to purchase some leather.

"One night I stopped at the house of a Jackson County mobocrat. He let me spread my buffalo skin before his fire, but would not give me my breakfast.

Working at Fort Kearny

"Once on a Sunday afternoon, I got lost, but providentially fell in with a brother and sister who were returning from meeting. I was kindly entertained through the night and directed to the proper road the next morning. When I got back the ice had gone out of the river. We worked on until March, when Brother Washburn concluded to take

some provisions to our families, then return. We were then to go down the river and get supplies to take to the Valleys of the Mountains. Brother Nat stayed with me. Brother Washburn did not return, but sent word for us to come home. We did not receive his word for some time, but we were getting ready to return of our own volition.

"I went to look for the oxen, our only one belonging to Brother Washburn. I found it lying out in the woods unable to get up. I knew that only the Lord could help me in this predicament. I lay my hands upon it and, with the prayers of faith, blessed him, appealing to the Lord for His aid. The ox was strengthened and I drove him home and took good care of him.

Help Finding My Cow

"I started out one morning to find my cow. There was an island where the cow had run all winter. I expected to find her there, but when I got there, not a single animal was to be found. I sat down on the side of the pond and prayed the Lord to send someone to let me know where the stock had gone.

"In a few minutes, a horse came out of the woods with saddle and bridle, all complete. He came down to the water close to me and commenced drinking. I stepped up and took hold of his bridle. In another minute there came out of the woods a man on horseback. I supposed he was following this horse. He came and let his horse drink. As he said nothing, I asked him if that was his horse. He said it was not. I told him how the horse came to me and what I was seeking. He was also looking for his cow and said they had gone up the river to the rush bottoms. He told me I had better mount the horse and go with him. We went about five miles up the river and as soon as we turned on to the prairie, I heard the sound of the bell on my cow. I left my companion, who recognized the sound of his cow bell in another direction.

"I started my cow home. Within a mile of home we came to a patch of tall willows through which there were trails in all directions. I could not drive the cow as she would endeavor to return. I could only follow her, so I dismounted and fastened the horse and drove the cow out of the thicket. When I returned for the horse, he had got away and I saw him no more. I probably should be thankful for this, for had I ridden him into the fort, the owner might have found occasion for complaint against the Mormons. I was perfectly satisfied with the answer to my prayer. I was sent a horse and a guide, and when the object was accomplished, they were taken away, perhaps to keep me out of trouble, for which I am very thankful.

"As soon as I received the notice from Brother Washburn, we started for home. There was no grass growing and we were dependent upon corn to sustain our team, consisting of the ox and cow. We had very little loading, so they did very well. We arrived safe and sound on the river bank opposite Winter Quarters just before night. There were two yoke of fine oxen came up to the place where we were camped and a man turned them into his yard, as they were strays. They were yoked and chained together.

I Rescue a Woman and Daughter

“Brother Washburn was just starting down to Missouri to obtain his outfit for the journey west. He had crossed the river with his wagon, containing a woman and her daughter, whom he was conveying down the country. He had returned for his oxen, leaving his wagon on a sandbar in the river. In the night the river began to rise over the sandbar. The frightened women called for help. The man, in whose yard the stray oxen had been turned, knowing I was, in a way, connected with Washburn, came and woke me. I remembered the oxen in his yard, took my whip and soon had them down opposite the wagon. I intended to mount the ox and ride across to the sandbar. I could not stop them, so I was obliged to swim. This was in early March, with the cold ice water of the spring rise running rapidly.

“I got safely onto the sandbar and found the water knee deep and rising rapidly. Logs and brush were floating past. The oxen were well trained and I soon had them on the wagon and started up the bar to the ford. As soon as I landed, someone took my whip and I was taken to a house where there was a good fire and a change of clothes given me. I took no harm from my unseasonable bath.

“I crossed the river and met my mother, whose first inquiry was, ‘Are you going back to Missouri with Brother Washburn?’

“My answer was, ‘I am going to the Valleys.’

“Her fervent ‘Thank God!’ told me why we had been told to come home.

“We had now one wagon, three oxen and two cows. One wagon had been sold in the winter, and one, Brother Noble had taken to the Valley. The rest of the cattle had never returned from the winter herd ground.

Getting Ready to Go

“We exerted ourselves to get ready to start. I laid in a stock of provisions. I bought from Brother McMullin some twelve bushels of corn. I came across another man who had twelve bushel to sell, for which I made him a pair of men’s shoes. I gave him 12½ cents per bushel. We bought seventy pounds of flour, a pound or two of sugar, and some cloth for one new shirt. This shirt, with two old ones, made up my wardrobe.

Family Divided Up

“My sister, Martha, had accompanied Brother Noble’s family to the Valley the year previous. My sister, Harriet, engaged to go with some of Brigham Young’s family. My brother, Nathaniel, drove a team for old Father Haven.

“This left seven of us at home. We were very destitute of suitable clothing. I had an old pair of boots. I bought some moccasins from a squaw. I also had a pair of rubber shoes, which, when worn in the hot sand, sweat my feet so as to be unbearable.

Start

“I was in possession of an odd ox which I intended to work single, but Brigham Young sent us an ox, so we had two yoke of oxen and a yoke of cows. We went out to the camp as early as we could in order

to let the cattle recruit before commencing our journey. In a short time, the company was organized, and we moved on to the Elkhorn River. Here I was taken with a pain in my stomach which lingered for days. At last I endeavored to find some whiskey, and I couldn't find any in camp until I came to Brother McMullin's. He gave me half of what he had—about one-third of a gill. I put into it a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, and drank it, and went to sleep. I slept nearly twenty-four hours and got up well. There was very little that occurred of interest except what is recorded in history. We were organized in Brother Busby's ten, but traveled in Erastus Snow's as my sister, Elizabeth, had married Brother Snow in Winter Quarters.

Indian Sorrow

"During our stay the first winter in Winter Quarters, a band of Omaha Indians camped a short distance from us. One afternoon, a messenger arrived in their camp with the news that some Sioux warriors had slain some of their people. For two nights and days, the mourning and lamentation of those people was most pitiful and heart-rending to listen to.

Care of Oxen

"Before we started on our journey, we were organized and we kept on guard over the cattle. They were staked on the outside of the corral during the night. Then at five in the morning, the bugle sounded and they were let loose and herded until breakfast was over and everything made ready. The cattle were then driven in and yoked. The last to leave the camp ground was President Brigham Young, whose fatherly care was always manifest.

Brigham Young's Watchful Care

"One morning on the South Fork, our team was the last to leave. I had just started when the staple dropped from the yoke. I was obliged to take off the yoke to fix it. Brother Young was just going out of sight over the hill. In a few minutes he was back by my side, assisting me to replace the staple and yoke up my oxen again, and get under way. In a few days he sent me to the blacksmith with that broken staple to get mended.

Harriet Run Over

"One evening as we drove into camp, sister Harriet met us and told us she had fallen under the wheels of the wagon as she was getting out, that she received but slight injury, although the wagon was loaded with about forty hundred pounds. This was a most miraculous escape.

Alkali

"When we arrived at the alkali country, we found the lakes coated over with soda. It was about two inches thick. We gathered several sacks of it and found it quite useful the next winter for hulling corn, which we used for food. It was some time before there were any mills to grind it.

Oxen Sick

"When we got to the last crossing of the Sweetwater, we stopped for eight or ten days, waiting for teams from the Valley which were to

meet us. There, the oxen commenced to die. We thought it was from the alkali. Some of the people fed a considerable amount of tobacco to their oxen, but according to my observation, it poisoned the cattle worse than the alkali and caused more death. We had one ox take sick. I gave him about two pounds of pork and he recovered.

“At last the teams arrived and were distributed among the companies. I lightened up my wagon about 350 to 400 pounds of corn. We started up the hill leading over South Pass. While camped at Sweetwater, we had a heavy storm of snow and rain, during which we drew up our wagons behind a clump of willows which sheltered us much from the storm. We also had some pleasant weather and I did several jobs of shoemaking, for which I received some money. But money had no purchasing power, as there was nothing to sell.

Fort Bridger

“The first night we camped at Pacific Springs. Here we broke up into small companies in order to better journey through the rugged mountains, be better accommodated with camp grounds, and avail ourselves of the smaller pastures for feeding the cattle. The roads were of the most primitive kind. When we got to Fort Bridger, I traded some powder for some antelope skins, from which I made me some moccasins and mother faced my pants after we arrived in the Valley.

Down Canyon to Salt Lake

“The last day of our journey was the most arduous and trying. The road crossed the creek about twenty times. In the morning I had broken one of the hounds of my wagon. The iron braces were all that held, and they were bent, causing the wagon to run out of the road. I was obliged to keep the oxen out to one side, so the wagon would track. This was a difficult task and I wished to stop and have assistance come from Salt Lake to help us in. Mother objected to stopping unless we were forced to, so I kept on, successfully overcoming and passing every obstacle. We finally reached the mouth of the canyon. Then we soon reached the fort. I believe that nothing but Mother’s prayers and faith enabled me to accomplish the seeming impossibility.

Arrival

“We were met by Brother Noble and taken to his home in the North Fort and kindly received by his wife, Mary, and family. We occupied one of his rooms during the winter. He had raised a crop of corn which was now ready to eat, green. It was delicious after our summer’s journey on the plains.

“The next week I went to work for Brother Noble, making adobes, in company with Brother Thurston and his sons.

“My old friend, Brother Washburn, was successful in obtaining sufficient means to come on in the last company, and again we worked together hauling wood for our winter’s fuel.

“Brother Noble bought a few loads of squash from Brother Sessions, and they afforded considerable help to our stock of provisions. They greatly improved our bran bread, when mixed with the bran.

Antelope Island

"Brothers Noble, Garr and Thurston took a ranch on Antelope Island just as winter commenced. Old Father Stump, old bear hunter Abe Garr, George Thurston and I, drove their cattle over. These were the first that were driven to the island. We were three days on the road. Towards night we crossed the lake, which was dry most of the way. About a fourth of a mile from the island, we got into soft mud, and the wagon stuck. I got off my horse, took off the bridle, threw it into the wagon, and endeavored to get the wagon out, but without avail. So it was left, and we made our way to the shore, where we camped in the snow. After two days, I wished to return home and was obliged to wade to the wagon to get my bridle. That was the coldest travel I ever experienced. I did not freeze my feet, but came close to it.

1849

"In the spring (1849) the people began to move out of the fort onto their city lots which had been surveyed and distributed. Mother got a lot in the 13th ward. Brother Noble let her have the logs of the house we had occupied. I pulled the logs down and rebuilt the house on her lot. I drew a five-acre lot in the big field. We planted ten acres of wheat and then plowed my five acres for corn. By this time, provisions were very scarce. I fainted away while following plow.

Prophecy by Heber C. Kimball

"About June, there began to arrive emigrants on their way to the gold mines of California. One Sunday at meeting, some covered wagons were going by the Bowery. Brother Heber C. Kimball was speaking. The people's attention was diverted to the wagons. He called their attention and remarked that their eyes would be tired of beholding the influx of wagons. At another time, he prophesied that goods would be sold in the streets of Salt Lake City cheaper than in New York. This was soon verified.

"There came with the gold seekers some gentlemen from Salem—acquaintances of Uncle John. They called on us and Mother gave them what little butter she happened to have. This was a treat after their long journey.

"They invited me to their camp and gave me about a peck of broken crackers, which lasted us some time to thicken our rations of milk.

"One day I worked all day for a lady. I made her a pair of shoes for a pint of shorts, half of which mother took to a neighbor who had nothing to eat for weeks but greens.

Sego

"My brother, Richard, herded cows on the hills, and often brought home a pint or so of segos. He is somewhat of a humorist and declares to this day that he is still sore where the stick hurt him while leaning on it to punch into the soil for segos.

Work-tithing

"We worked every tenth day on the public works—each ward in its turn. Notice was given out at meeting on Sunday of the work. I worked considerable on the Council House that stood where the Deseret News Building now stands; also on the Tithing Office. Brother William Atwood once said to me while we were at work, 'Ben, I have lived on rawhide till the marrow of my bones has dried up.' And his was no uncommon experience.

Thankful for Something to Eat

"About the last of July, Brother Charles Westover cut a piece of wheat and got the wheat ground. I borrowed thirty pounds of flour and rejoiced that the time of scarcity of bread had passed. Mother made some biscuits; and we gathered around our humble board with thankful hearts at the prospect of plenty to eat. Soon brother Nat shoved back his stool. He had eaten about two-thirds of a biscuit and said he had enough.

"I said I could do better than that, but when I had eaten one biscuit, I felt as full as though I had feasted upon a grand Christmas dinner. We then began to realize the fact that our stomachs had contracted to accommodate themselves to our condition, but they soon were able to demand a reasonable quantity of food.

Aunt "Louide" is Born

"My sister, Louisa Adeline, was born the 13th of December, 1849. There came a rain storm which lasted about a week. Our house was covered with poles and cane and dirt. There was not any place in the house but the rain leaked through the roof, except in the center in front of the fire where it was not so bad. Mother sat there with an umbrella over her to keep her dry. After a few days I obtained some cattle hides from Briant Stringham and covered the roof.

"Towards spring I went to the canyon for wood. The glare of the sun on the snow made me snow-blind. In about a week, winter broke, the snow melted and I recovered my sight.

Work in 1850

"Early in the spring, I went with Brother Noble to our farm in Sessions' Settlement to fence our share of the field. I had fifty rods of ditch fence to dig for my twenty acres.

"The first spring I had obtained five potatoes, from which I cut twenty-one eyes and planted twenty-one hills. I raised seven bushel of potatoes, the most of which we had saved for seed. In June, I broke up a piece of sandy land and planted it to potatoes, from which I realized a good return.

"My mother died in Salt Lake City the 15th of May, 1851.

"In the spring of 1852, I sold my five-acre lot in the big field for an ox. I planted six acres of wheat and reaped a good crop. During the summer I lived with Brother John M. Chidester, who rented Brother Noble's farm. We harvested our grain and hay in company. In the fall, he moved to Spanish Fork and settled in Palmyra. I went with him and

we excavated a 'dugout' where we lived during the winter. I was in possession of three books, which I read again and again. They were: The Bible, Shakespeare's Plays, and American Orators.

To and From Spanish Fork

"In the winter, I, with Father Phoney, started to walk to Salt Lake City. The first day, we came to Lehi, where we stopped. I walked to Salt Lake the next day. I sold my hay and grain to Briant Stringham for a mare, upon which I returned to Spanish Fork.

"Brother Chidester wished me to go back and sell the produce he had left in Sessions. I did so, riding my mare there in one day. Upon my return, I took with me quite a purse of gold and silver. The next morning at breakfast, I produced the money. I began laying out five and ten-dollar gold pieces. As I produced each piece, he remarked, 'That is not it.' When I laid down a twenty-dollar piece, he said, 'That is it.' It appears that he had seen in a dream, the night before, the piece of gold coin.

"I traded my ox for a horse and rented a portion of my land to a man on which to raise hemp. We returned together. I now boarded at Mother Gray's.

Mission

1535110

"At the General Conference, April, 1853, I was called on a mission to England.

Back Across the Plains

"I bought a light wagon, and in June, with twenty-seven Elders, left Salt Lake City for our field of labor. That morning I walked to the range ten miles, and got my horses and started about four o'clock for the appointed place of meeting in the mountains. I was accompanied by Elder James D. Ross. We reached the camp soon after dark. The next morning, we organized our company. There were twenty-seven Elders and four or five travelers who were returning to the States.

We elected Brother Phyleman Merrill, Captain, and Elder Danney, Chaplain. We were forty-three days on the road to Kaneshville, where we arrived on the 4th of August. There were the usual adventures and slight accidents incident to a journey across the plains in those days. The first ten days, our progress was much impeded by our meeting large herds of cattle, which blocked the road for miles, making our progress slow. Afterwards, we met many companies of emigrating Saints gathering to the Valleys. They were from Europe and were led by some of our old acquaintances and friends, with some of whom we were enabled to camp and hold meetings.

"We had with us a stone, beautifully carved, a donation to the Washington Monument.

"We lost one animal on the trip. He was crowded off a narrow bridge by his mate. I remained in Kaneshville until the 15th of September. Not being able to find a purchaser for my horses and wagon, I resolved to travel to St. Joseph. I took with me Elders James Bond, Joseph France, and Charles Hubbs, a young man returning to Madison, Indiana.

"We were on the road four or five days and arrived about noon. I sold my outfit in the afternoon and went on board the steamboat and took passage for St. Louis, Missouri.

"I was awakened about daylight the next morning by the shouts of the crew loading freight. And how I shuddered to hear the name of Deity profaned by the men as they were working below me when I stepped out on the guards. It had been so long since I had listened to such language.

"On the way down the river, I became acquainted with a young man by the name of Robert Piper, who invited us to his mother's house, where we arrived the third day. Here I tarried five days, then went with Brother Hubbs to his house in Madison. On the 6th of October, I left Madison for Cincinnati, where I obtained a ticket for Boston.

Boston

"I went by train to Cleveland; then by steamboat to Buffalo. I paid a short visit to Niagara Falls, then went to Wheeling and took steamboat up the beautiful Lake Ontario to Ogdensburg. I spent the night, and next day went by train to Lowell, Massachusetts. I spent a few days here, went to Boston, and stopped three days with my Aunt Elizabeth Stewart.

Uncle John

"I crossed the ferry at four o'clock and took a seat in the cars for Salem. From the window I espied my Uncle Jim [John] passing. I stepped to the door and met him, extended my hand, calling him by name. He looked at me and remarked that I had the advantage of him. I did not wish to tell him just then who I was, so I asked him if he lived in Salem still, and was he going there. He replied that he was. 'Well,' I said, 'Come in the car and you will find out who I am.'

"We took our seat and I began putting questions concerning his family. He would look up at me in wonderment. Finally I asked if he knew Nathaniel Ashby. 'Yes, he was my brother.'

" 'Did you know he had a son, Ben?'

"The tears started in his eyes. He took me to his home. In the evening I met many of my old school mates. Here I spent several days among relatives and friends, many of whom contributed money to assist me across the ocean. I also visited a branch of the Church at Georgetown and received some assistance.

England

"I left Salem on the 11th of October, and the next day went on board the steamship, 'America,' bound for Liverpool, England. We were ten days on the passage. One night I dreamed that I landed on the dock just as the bells were ringing for church. This was fulfilled on Sunday morning. I got a boy to show me the way to the Latter-day Saints chapel; here I met seven of the elders with whom I had crossed the plains. They had arrived the night before."

Editor's Note

[The remainder of Uncle Ben's biography deals with his wonderful mission and later life, and is of much interest, especially to his posterity. As this article is intended for the entire posterity of Grandfather Nathaniel, I will write the remainder in my own words, giving only the high points of Uncle Ben's account. I will quote his words in a number of places where it is of outstanding interest. If the reader is interested in the complete biography, I refer him to Uncle Ben's own writings.]

* * * *

Soon after arrival in England, at a meeting in the town of Gould, Uncle Ben was imbued with such power that after the meeting, his companion told him that a bright light rested over his head while he spoke.

One day, while going along the street, he met a man who shook hands and said he had seen Uncle Ben in his dreams.

Uncle Ben says, "I continued through the fall [1854] to visit the branches of the Church. I administered to the sick, many of whom were healed by the power of God."

On many occasions, our missionary baptized Saints, but on June 30, 1855, he baptized a young lady who was later to become his wife. It was Ann Chester.

He was called to the presidency of the Welch mission and did considerable traveling among the thirteen conferences. His was a mission of good will to the people—healing the sick, preaching the Gospel, baptizing those worthy, and receiving direct help from the Father, in whom he had implicit confidence and undying faith. He was always close enough to the Lord so that he could ask and receive the help he needed.

He was released March 28, 1857, nearly four years from the time of his call. He landed in Boston, April 22, and Iowa City, April 29. He, with Israel Evans, was given charge of the first handcart company which crossed the plains in the year 1857. There were 150 persons. He tells us they had a very pleasant, though arduous journey. They traveled from twelve to twenty-five miles per day. They arrived in Salt Lake September 11th.

On October 25, 1857, he married two wives, Ann Chester and Mary Jane Collins Dyer.

Next spring he went with his company to Echo Canyon to keep out Johnston's Army. Later, joining in the move south, he went to Spanish Fork, returned to Salt Lake City while the soldiers went through, and again went to Spanish Fork and took his family back north. He hauled rock for the Salt Lake Temple, and went to Sanpete for the Blackhawk trouble.

He says, "During the years that I have lived here, the instances of the healing of the sick through anointing with oil and the laying-on-of-hands in the name of Jesus, in which I have participated, are almost innumerable. For years I was teacher of the Bible Class in Sunday School, and have been appointed a number of years on the home mission for Davis stake."

"It is now nearly six years since I commenced this account and I have had experiences which have been remarkable as showing me the goodness and mercies of our Heavenly Father. Within the past few years, I have been privileged to labor in the Temple for the dead of our progenitors. This year, 1903, I received the ordination of Patriarch."

The last Uncle Ben wrote in his autobiography is the remarkable healing, or bringing to life after the pulse and heart had ceased to operate, of Joseph H. Grant, together with a prophecy which he made at the time. The last writing was on November 10, 1904. He passed away November 19, 1907, a noble man and a faithful Latter-day Saint. During his life he spent unlimited time and money in gathering records of our ancestry. I feel highly honored for the privilege I have had in thus copying the writings of Uncle Ben and hope and pray that the reading of this article will touch the lives of all his relatives as it has mine. Also that what I have done will meet with the approval of Uncle Ben.

In order to help the younger generations locate themselves, I give here the family of

**Nathaniel ASHBY and his wife,
Susan (Hammond) ASHBY**

Robert Benjamin	Born December 19, 1826	died as a child	married 1 Ann Chester 2 Mary Jane Collins Dyer
Susan Ann	Born February 1, 1830	married	Briant Stringham
Elizabeth Rebecca	Born February 1, 1830	married	Erastus Snow
Martha Ellen	Born August 20, 1832	married	1 Alonzo Buckland 2 Briant Stringham
Harriett Maria	Born April 8, 1834	married	Briant Stringham
Nathaniel	Born May 25, 1835	married	1 Mary Virginia Garr 2 Martha Ann Truman
Richard Hammond	Born December 25, 1836	married	Esther Busby
William Hardin	Born July 16, 1839	married	1 Nancy Maria Badger 2 Charlotte Louisa Badger
Mary Jane	Born October 20, 1841	married	George Ammon Stringham
Emma Smith	Born March 14, 1843	married	Benjamin Jos. Stringham
John Jefford	Born December 9, 1845	married	Susan Felshaw

After the death of Nathaniel Ashby, his wife, Susan (Hammond) Ashby, married Joseph B. Noble and had a child,

Louisa Adeline Noble Ashby	Born December 13, 1849	married	Rodney Carlos Badger
----------------------------	------------------------	---------	----------------------

**Children of Benjamin ASHBY and his wife,
Ann (Chester) ASHBY**

Frances Ann	Born December 9, 1858	married	Alma Page
Susan	Born February 1, 1860	married	Cyrus Page
Martha	Born September 26, 1861	married	James Burmingham
William Chester	Born April 26, 1863	married	Ann Otaway
Benjamin	Born June 27, 1865	died young	
Briant	Born February 12, 1867	married	Lydia Constance Jordan
Hammond	Born January 3, 1869	died young	
James Goodworth	Born January 23, 1870	died young	
Jesse	Born November 12, 1871	died young	
John Fred	Born October 10, 1873	married	Elizabeth Jennie Jones
Nathaniel	Born November 16, 1874	died young	
Thomas	Born November 16, 1874	died young	
Charles Alma	Born January 8, 1877	married	Martha Prosser
James Ralph	Born November 4, 1879	married	Elizabeth Tovey

**Children of Benjamin ASHBY and his wife,
Mary Jane Collins Dyer**

Mary Henrietta Ashby	Born November 23, 1858	married	Charles Eaton Ingalls
----------------------	------------------------	---------	-----------------------

**Children of Briant Stringham and his wife,
Susan Ann ASHBY Stringham**

Susan	Born December 25, 1850	married	Henry Chariton Jacobs
Briant	Born December 24, 1852	married	1 Jessie Eldredge 2 Sabina Smith
James	Born March 18, 1854	died young	
Philip	Born July 14, 1856	married	1 Caroline Ann Crouch 2 Mary Bingham Hall
Lucy	Born April 29, 1858	married	President Heber J. Grant
Julia	Born April 10, 1860	married	Henry Albert Woolley
Jacob	Born February 16, 1862	died young	
Ashby	Born February 4, 1864	married	Alice Douglass
William	Born January 8, 1866	married	Lucy Lorenda Ferrin
John	Born January 20, 1869	married	Etta May Penrose

**Children of Erastus Snow and his wife,
Elizabeth Rebecca ASHBY Snow**

Elizabeth Ashby	Born March 24, 1854	married Anthony Woodward Ivins
Florence	Born June 16, 1856	married Edwin Dilworth Woolley
Josephine	Born July 19, 1859	married Joseph Marion Tanner
Georgiana	Born June 23, 1862	married Moses Thatcher
Briant	Born April 3, 1864	died young
Martha Ellen	Born September 27, 1865	married Walter Keate
Ashby	Born September 19, 1867	married Ann Donald Pymm
Arthur Eugene	Born February 13, 1870	married 1 Lucy Smith Wright 2 Mary Rosalee Miner Lee
Herbert Hammond	Born June 19, 1872	died young
Clarence	Born October 31, 1874	married Cornelia E. Groesbeck

**Children of Alonzo Bucklin and his wife,
Martha Ellen ASHBY Bucklin**

Ella	Born ?	married William Loder
------	--------	-----------------------

Martha Ellen (ASHBY) Bucklin later married Briant Stringham and their children follow:

**Children of Briant Stringham and his wife,
Martha Ellen ASHBY Stringham**

Martha	Born May 11, 1857	married 1 Joseph Edmonds 2 William Loder
Chloe	Born February 7, 1859	married Hyrum Johnson
Jed	Born May 2, 1861	married Isabella Hunter Hoggan
Hammond	Born May 23, 1863	died young
Ada	Born February 1, 1865	died young
Judith Theresa	Born May 11, 1867	married James Freeman Giles
Richard	Born June 7, 1870	married Elizabeth Ann Barlow

**Children of Briant Stringham and his wife,
Harriett Maria ASHBY Stringham**

Maria	Born February 23, 1853	married Thomas Jordan Stevens
Harriett	Born February 25, 1855	married Briant Nowlin
Polly	Born November 15, 1857	married James Crosland
Elmeda	Born September 1, 1859	married Orson Riley Johnson
Rozilla	Born July 23, 1862	married Franklin Davis Grant
Henry	Born March 7, 1865	married Fannie Janet Blair
Alice	Born February 10, 1868	died young
Nathaniel George	Born November 1, 1871	married 1 Mary Freeze 2 Lucy Lorenda Ferrin

**Children of Nathaniel ASHBY and his wife,
Mary Virginia (Garr) ASHBY**

Mary Virginia	Born April 3, 1859	married Joseph Booth Macdonald
Nathaniel	Born June 3, 1864	died age 3
Benjamin Franklin	Born June 20, 1864	married Mary Edna Alger
George William	Born December 13, 1865	died Unmarried
Louisa Adaline	Born June 8, 1868	married Moses Whitaker Harrison
Briant Hammond	Born December 1, 1870	married Lillian Wakeling
Charlotta Maria	Born July 9, 1873	married David R. Forsha
Robert Turner	Born January 23, 1876	married Emily Brooks
Zina	Born March 18, 1879	married William Franklin Snow
Paulina	Born July 2, 1881	died same day

**Children of Nathaniel ASHBY and his wife,
Martha Ann (Truman) ASHBY**

Richard Truman	Born April 2, 1872	married	Minnie Colgrove
Jacob Henry	Born March 2, 1874	died young	
Ann Elizabeth	Born September 23, 1875	married	John Sheridan McBride
Alice May	Born April 8, 1877	died young	
Emma Lucilla	Born January 2, 1879	died young	
Rodney Carlos	Born December 12, 1880	married	Jennie Warner

**Children of Richard Hammond ASHBY and his wife,
Ester (Busby) ASHBY**

Emma Esther	Born September 7, 1863	married	Joseph C. Pixton
Cada Ann	Born July 10, 1865	married	John A. Saunders
Katy May	Born December 13, 1869	married	Phillip Wright
Richard Nathaniel	Born March 7, 1871	died	Unmarried
Maud	Born April 15, 1873	died young	
Willard	Born September 17, 1875	died young	
Wallace	Born March 17, 1877	married	Myrtle Cook
Joseph Mark	Born December 22, 1879	died young	
Clifford	Born June 9, 1882	married	Ada H. Betz
Carlos	Born January 17, 1885	married	Myrtle Pauline Evans

**Children of William Hardin ASHBY and his wife,
Nancy Maria (Badger) ASHBY**

William Harden	Born April 7, 1867	married	1 Martha Stevens 2 Malissa Leavines
Nina Maria	Born October 2, 1868	married	John Wood
Ada Jane	Born November 9, 1870	married	Edward A. Wood
Rodney Badger	Born October 26, 1872	married	Jane Marinda Stephenson
Nathaniel	Born September 20, 1874	married	Jennie Johnson
Emma Louisa	Born October 9, 1876	married	Simeon T. Stephenson
Susan	Born December 14, 1878	married	John C. Bennett
Robert L.	Born December 29, 1880	married	Hannah Cropper
Mary Edith	Born May 22, 1883	married	John B. Stephenson
Martha Ellen	Born February 26, 1885	married	Marion Roscoe Stevens
Florence	Born January 18, 1887	died young	
Austin Garr	Born January 9, 1889	married	Ethel Bennett
Clinton	Born October 14, 1891	died young	

William Harden ASHBY and his wife, Charlotte Louisa (Badger) ASHBY had no children.

**Children of George Ammon Stringham and his wife,
Mary Jane ASHBY Stringham**

Catherine	Born November 19, 1859	married	James Fitzgerald
George	Born March 29, 1861	died young	
Nathaniel	Born December 28, 1863	married	Lena Covington
John Albert	Born June 18, 1867	married	Annie May Carpenter
Effie Jane	Born February 2, 1869	died age 19	
Ammon Benjamin	Born August 1, 1870	married	Mary Gilmore
Georgania	Born November 15, 1871	married	1 Arthur Pickering 2 Frank N. Degenhart
Isabelle	Born April 4, 1873	married	1 Charles Selgrath 2 Charles Henry Nash
Sabra	Born November 21, 1874	married	Joseph Oxborrow
Sylvia	Born November 21, 1874	married	John Robert Maxmillian Michels
Thomas Beal	Born November 21, 1876	married	Ella Jackman
Frances Hammond	Born December 7, 1878	married	Lora Lawhorn
Robert William	Born April 18, 1883	died young	
Clarence Erastus	Born April 26, 1886	married	Ida Swan

**Children of Benjamin Joseph Stringham and his wife,
Emma Smith ASHBY Stringham**

Benjamin Ashby Born May 22, 1863 married Mary Charlotta Probert

**Children of John Jefford ASHBY and his wife,
Susan (Felshaw) ASHBY**

Hammond Felshaw	Born October 26, 1870	died young
John William	Born March 21, 1873	married Celestia Levina Van Leven
Gilbert	Born December 2, 1874	died young
Sara Lillian	Born July 13, 1877	died young
Mary Roszella	Born May 18, 1879	married Charles W. Frampton
Julia Susanna	Born April 7, 1883	married Guss Waggoner
Luta Blanche	Born November 30, 1885	married Emerson H. Shaw
Joseph Herbert	Born August 18, 1888	married 1 Rena Gaile Selley 2 Della May Pyper
Lola Vilate	Born September 5, 1890	died age 16

John Jefford ASHBY and his wife, Augusta (Perkins) ASHBY had no children.

**Children of Rodney Carlos Badger and his wife,
Louisa Adeline Noble ASHBY Badger**

Carlos Ashby	Born October 30, 1878	married 1 Rose Jenkins 2 Rena B. Maycock
Ralph Ashby	Born April 8, 1880	married 1 Julia Peterson 2 Claire Price 3 Doris Martin
Louisa	Born August 30, 1881	married Edward M. Ashton
Elizabeth	Born July 17, 1883	married Alpha J. Higgs
Alice	Born March 3, 1885	died young
Edmond Ashby	Born January 18, 1889	died young

A REMARKABLE STORY OF THE POSTERITY OF BENJAMIN ASHBY OF SALEM (1776-1841)

An interesting story was told by Dr. Briant Stringham while preaching at the funeral services of Mrs. William H. Ashby, which were held at Holden, Utah, November 21, 1917.

A spinster lady from Salem, Massachusetts, came to Utah to visit her western relatives who were descendants of Grandfather Nathaniel Ashby and Susan (Hammond) Ashby, his wife. During her stay she visited Dr. Stringham at his home at Woods Cross and while there stated that she was the only surviving member of the family of John Jefford Ashby, brother of Nathaniel Ashby, and that she had never married, had no children, and that when she died John Ashby's line would be extinct.

In an attempt to verify this story, inquiry has been made among all the older Ashby descendants. The only person with definite information is Martha Ellen Snow Keate, who tells the following:

"When my husband and brother, Clarence, were in Boston studying to become doctors, I went back to visit them. Clarence and I went over to Marblehead and Salem to see if we could find any of my mother's people. We found some of great aunt Eliza Jane Ashby Ravel's children. I believe it was Ellen Buxton who took us in her carriage around to see the town. We drove past the old home of grandfather and grandmother Ashby. We went to see Martha Ann Stevens. Neither of these women had any children. She drove up to a gate where there was a tottering old man. Ellen called to him and asked if he remembered Nathaniel Ashby. He said, 'Oh, yes, I remember! That old fool who went with the Mormons!' She had him come over and meet two of Nathaniel's grandchildren. When we inquired if there were any Ashbys left we were told that there was a little fellow by the name of Willie who was suffering with a bad case of tuberculosis, and that he was the last of John Jefford Ashby's people."

The Ashby records show this:

GREAT GRANDFATHER BENJAMIN ASHBY had eight sons and four daughters. Of these eight sons only three had children.

JOHN JEFFORD ASHBY, one of the sons, had eleven children. Today no trace can be found of any of them or any posterity left by them. Apparently this Willie that Martha Keate tells about was the last.

RICHARD GALE ASHBY was fifteen when Nathaniel joined the Mormons and went to Nauvoo in 1843. When Richard Gale Ashby was twenty-three he left Salem by ship and landed in Mexico. Here he married a well-to-do Spanish lady. He put up a paper mill and operated it for twenty-six years. He acquired land and built up a great coffee plantation. He raised two sons. Each of the sons raised nine children. Many of these children are now married and raising families. There are in all forty-six descendants dead and alive from Richard Gale Ashby.

NATHANIEL ASHBY and his wife, SUSAN (HAMMOND) ASHBY had thirteen children. Of these, the first died in infancy and the last was born to grandmother as the daughter of Joseph Bates Noble,

whom she married at Winter Quarters after grandfather's death on the plains.

The Salem papers said when he left for Nauvoo, "This is the last of Nathaniel Ashby." His neighbors and relatives referred to him as "That old fool who joined the Mormons."

It almost seems that some power tried to make these predictions come true. Nathaniel lost his life on the plains of Iowa. His wife died soon after getting to Utah. Their little orphan children nearly starved to death. In spite of these harrowing experiences, they survived and filled important places, although they were unassuming and retiring in their natures.

Today the posterity of Nathaniel and Susan may be found in almost every town in the intermountain country, as well as in many states of the Union and the provinces of Canada. The number is estimated at nearly two thousand souls.

Of the four daughters of great grandfather Benjamin Ashby, only Aunt Eliza Jane left posterity. As far as can be traced, her descendants are not numerous. There were ten children and only thirteen grandchildren.

This is not all, as grandmother Susan Hammond's story is almost more remarkable. Without going into details, it can be stated that she had eight brothers and sisters. Five of the eight died without issue. Of the three who married, after the second generation there are practically none left.

The writer of this story hopes to follow out every line and be able to tell, not only for two or three generations, but even down to the present time, just who and how many do enter into this story. For the present, however, he wishes to say that he has followed the facts as he has found them. He wishes to state that to his mind there could hardly be a more remarkable story found in all research than this; that it didn't just happen; but that, "God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

THE POT OF GOLD STORY

Several years ago, at an Ashby-Stringham reunion in Salt Lake, Dr. Clarence Snow told what he called the "Pot of Gold Story." The reference is made to Section 111 of the Doctrine & Covenants, a revelation given to the Prophet Joseph Smith in Salem on August 6, 1836. The Kirtland Temple had just been completed at a cost of between sixty and seventy thousand dollars. There was still an indebtedness of over thirteen thousand on it March 27, 1836, when it was dedicated. The people had just been driven from Jackson County, Missouri. The Church was on the threshold of the greatest apostasy in its history.

In this revelation the Lord told Joseph, "I have much treasure in this city for you and for the benefit of Zion" * * * "Concern not yourselves about your debts, for I will give you power to pay them." * * * "For there are more treasures than one for you in this city."

This was but a few years before Grandfather Nathaniel and Grandmother Susan Hammond Ashby joined the Church, and Dr. Clarence Snow told us that it was their wealth, along with that of others, that this section referred to. The fact that they did help out the Church financially is well established.

—R. L. A.

FINALE

This is an appeal to all you who read this pamphlet to keep your records complete and up to date. You owe this to yourself, your children's children, and your progenitors.

—The Editor.

1085



